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Mother’s Promise not to play Favorites a monk the kids

In a quaint village, where the sun greets the green with a warm embrace, there lived a mother, wise and fair. Her heart, a treasure chest of love, promised to play no favorites, a vow as steadfast as the mountains tall. Her children, like stars in the night sky, each unique, each bright, each loved just right.

But oh! The plot thickens, for in this tale, there's a twist. A monk, robed in wisdom's hue, wandered into this familial mist. He saw the mother's promise, a delicate dance of fairness and care, and he smiled, for in his travels rare, such sights were as scarce as a dragon's lair.

The kids, they frolicked, they played, they grew, under the watchful gaze of a mother true. No favoritism in her eyes, just love multiplied, a lesson in disguise. For life's not a race, nor a competition fierce, but a journey of moments, each to be revered.

And so the story weaves, a tapestry of love's labor, where fairness reigns and kindness flavors. The mother's promise, not just words spoken, but a legacy

woven, a spell unbroken. In this village of tales and truths, where the monk now stays, the kids learn life's ways, under the mother's loving gaze.

For in the end, what matters most, is not the favor or the boast, but the love that's shared, the hearts that care, and the promise that's kept, as rare as the air. So let's toast to this mother, her wisdom vast, for in her promise, we find a love that will last.